

SONNET LXXVI.



BLIND, mine Eyes ! which saw that stormy
frown, Wither, long-watering Lips! which may
not kiss. Pine, Arms ! which wished-for sweet
embraces miss. And upright parts of pleasure !
fall you down* Waste, wanton tender Thighs!
Consume for this; To her thigh-elms, that you
were not made vines! And my long pleasure in
her body grafted. But, at my pleasure, her
sweet thought repines. My heart, with her fair
colours, should be wafted Throughout this
ocean of my deep despair : Why do I longer live
? but me prepare My life, together with my
joys, to finish !

And, long ere this, had I died, with my care;
But hope of joys to come, did all diminish.

SONNET LXXVI I.



Ow can I live in mind's or body's health,
When all four Elements, my griefs conspire ?
Of all heart's joys depriving me, by stealth,
All yielding poisons to my long Desire. The
Fire, with heat's extremes mine heart
enraging,

Water, in tears, from Despair's fountain
flowing.

My soul in sighs, Air to Love's soul engaging.
My Fancy's coals, Earth's melancholy
blowing. Thus these, by Nature, made for my
relief;

Through that bold charge of thine imperious
eye!

Turn all their graces into bitter grief.
As I were dead, should any of them die!

And they, my body's substance, all be sick;
It follows, then, I cannot long be quick!